

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1791, July 18, 1953

HE WALKED 27 MILES ON THE SEA-BED

Australian diver's lifetime of thrills

"ANY depth, anywhere, any time." That is the slogan printed on the business card of Mr. John Edward Johnstone, a daring Australian deep-sea diver who, at the age of 60, has at last announced his intention to retire after more than 40 years of thrilling adventures on the beds of the world's seas.

This is really Mr. Johnstone's second retirement, for in 1947 he declared that he would dive no more. But he had retired only three weeks when a ship ran aground on a reef in Wellington Harbour, New Zealand, and an expert diver was needed.

The ship's owners sent an urgent message to Johnstone—and he could not resist the call!

John Johnstone, born in Melbourne, left Australia at 18 to be apprenticed to a salvage firm in Scotland. During the First World War he served with the Royal Naval Salvage Corps, and later gained valuable experience while helping to remove the block-ships sunk in Zeebrugge Harbour during the raid in 1918.

JAPANESE ATTACK

In the Second World War Johnstone was in Darwin when the Japanese first attacked it and ship after ship went to the bottom. Within a few hours Johnstone was below, investigating the possibility of salvage.

In the years between the wars he did salvage work from the Baltic Sea to Bass Strait, off Australia.

One of his most notable achievements during this period was his amazing 27-mile walk on the Bass Strait sea-bed to test underwater cables.

Another triumph was the salvage of a valuable nickel and cobalt cargo from the sailing ship Joliette,

sunk by a cyclone off the Pacific island of New Caledonia in 1909.

Working in waters infested with sharks and groupers (carnivorous fish that often attain a length of 12 feet), Johnstone cut up the metal-hulled vessel and brought the cargo safely to the surface.

In 1941 he directed the salvage operation which reclaimed gold bullion worth more than two million pounds from the Niagara, which had been sunk by a mine off the New Zealand coast in the early days of the war. She lay at 454 feet in waters thick with mines.

IN A DIVING BELL

Johnstone and his younger brother directed salvage from a diving bell at the record depth of 438 feet, and saved 94 per cent of the cargo.

The story of this hazardous undertaking was told in a book, *Gold from the Sea*, by James Taylor, which remained a best-seller in Australia for years.

Summing up this veteran of the deep, Taylor wrote: "Probably no other diver in the world ever travelled so extensively, escaped death so often, so narrowly, and in such fantastic circumstances; or explored the dark underworld of the ocean so thoroughly."

AFTERTHOUGHT

The diver requests that his friends who must eat sweets in church will kindly eat the paper as well.

Notice in a Sussex parish magazine

QUEER BIRDS

Stories of birds nesting in strange places continue to reach us.

AT Faversham, in Kent, a wren built her nest above the back axle of a lorry, and although the lorry travelled over 30 miles every day, Jenny Wren laid her eggs and hatched her chicks.

AT Roundhay, Leeds, a pair of robins nested in a basket of flowers hung outside a house, and laid four eggs.

A PAIR of patriotic London sparrows built their nest in the coat of arms on the centre gates of Buckingham Palace and hatched out their eggs.

IN a council house that had still to be completed and allocated at Bothly, in Scotland, a pair of blackbirds have brought up a family of four in a cupboard.

THE experiment (reported in the CN some weeks ago) of placing nesting-boxes for birds on telegraph poles along the railway in Sutherland, has proved a failure. Not a single pair of birds used them.

WANTED: A HOLIDAY CLOCK-WINDER

More students than ever before are seeking work during their summer vacation.

Work has been found for more than 6000 students in jobs ranging from weeding and cleaning river beds in Suffolk to cherry picking, canning peas, and trying to catch a common cold at the Research Centre at Salisbury.

Requests for unusual jobs received by the National Union of Students include a man to wind 600 clocks in a city, ten men and women to demonstrate Yo-Yo in stores and holiday camps, and a Bohemian type of girl to play the guitar in the Malvern Hills.

SHOOTING UP FOR A DOWNPOUR

Italian farmers in the hilly provinces of Piedmont and Liguria, are using rocket-firing devices.

Every year a great deal of their fruit crop is ruined by heavy storms and hailstones. Experts who have carried out tests claim that when rockets are fired into low clouds the hail is changed to rain.

The rockets explode on hitting the clouds, and have an effect over a radius of 1000 yards.

WATER ON OIL

Experiments by the United States Navy have proved that it is possible to make oil sink in water—and stay at the bottom—by sprinkling on it a specially-prepared sand.

One pound of the sand will sink about one square foot of oil.

The new Elizabethan



The Elizabethan leaves King's Cross, London, on her 393-mile nonstop run to Edinburgh.

WHEN RIVAL TRAINS RACED TO SCOTLAND

The speedy non-stop journey of the new Elizabethan express between London and Edinburgh recalls the thrills of the great railway races towards the end of the last century, when even the time-tables were ignored as rival companies matched their trains against one another.

The races of 1895 were between two groups of companies running the East Coast and the West Coast services to Scotland.

It all started in August 1895, when the old London and North-Western Company, whose terminus was at Euston, announced their intention of getting to Aberdeen with their night express before their East Coast rivals, who operated from King's Cross, a few hundred yards away.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

The railwaymen at King's Cross accepted the challenge—and the race was on!

To add to the excitement, East and West Coast routes converged at Kinnaber Junction, 38 miles out of Aberdeen. Whichever train got to Kinnaber first was the winner of the race.

Crowds gathered at the London stations as the rival expresses both left at 8 p.m. On the first night of the contest the East Coast express got to Aberdeen in eight hours 40 minutes. The following night the West Coast express got there some eight minutes faster.

The sporting tussle continued night after night until, in the final race, the East Coast express beat its rival into Aberdeen by 14½ minutes.

One dramatic moment during the races occurred in the signal box at Kinnaber, where the two main lines became one.

The signalman was employed by the Caledonian company, which belonged to the West Coast route. Early one summer morning the bells rang in his cabin, and he found that both racing expresses were thundering along towards the junction. One must be halted; the other given the "road" for the last lap into Aberdeen.

To his lasting credit, this Scottish railwayman gave the "all clear" to the rival train, the East Coast night express.

In the York Railway Museum is a fine 4-4-0 engine in the smart green livery of the old N.E.R., and it is one of the locomotives which took part in the great railway races of last century.

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Three bold horsemen

These boys (and their spirited chargers) took part in a display in the school grounds at St Joseph's Academy, Blackheath.

FRANCE IN SEARCH OF LEADERSHIP

C N Diplomatic Correspondent

SWIFT new turns in the politics of France during recent weeks have kept her neighbours and friends in a constant state of suspense. Relief as she emerges from each governmental crisis is tempered with doubts concerning how long the newly-formed Government will last. Why do the French allow their Governments to be overthrown so easily?

Since the war one administration has succeeded another at the rate of two or three a year. No sooner is a new Prime Minister installed than he is struggling to retain sufficient support to put a coherent policy into effect.

If he is fortunate he may remain in office long enough to deal with some of the immediate difficulties—but rarely longer than that.

Disputes in the ranks of the temporary coalition of Parties under his nominal command break out, the French Parliament reject him, and sometimes it is four or five weeks before another Prime Minister is chosen.

In other countries it is a matter of astonishment that the French people can tolerate a constitution which causes such a succession of governments and emergencies.

UNCONCERNED

The French, however, do not seem to be greatly concerned, and the pleadings of some of their leaders to change the system leave the people unruffled.

"Let the politicians get on with it," they say in effect. "It is holiday-time in France and there are other things to do."

When M. Joseph Laniel became Prime Minister three weeks ago of the 19th administration since the war, few Frenchmen had more than a hazy knowledge of him.

The multi-Party system which permits no Party preponderance of power had brought him to the front. The French were content that many well-known Ministers—six of them former Prime Ministers—were still in the Government.

In a way, the evil of short-lived, unstable, governments is reduced by this fact that succeeding Cabinets can call on many of the former Ministers to continue.

BUSINESSMAN

Now M. Laniel, a wealthy textile manufacturer with a record of courage and devotion in the Resistance Movement during the war, has joined the company of those with experience of high office. He is 63, with a reputation for being strongly Conservative and vigorous in his ideas. He is pre-eminently a businessman.

Others who have long been in the forefront—and are certain to remain so—include M. Paul Reynaud, who was Prime Minister of France in 1940.

He is a firm admirer of Britain, and one of the few French politicians who believes that the "musical chairs" procession of governments should be ended. But a system which gives so many politicians a chance of getting into the Government or retaining one office or another in succeeding Governments will not readily be changed.

Another former Prime Minister

still playing an important role in French politics is M. Rene Pleven, known for his moderation and good sense. His cool approach to problems is also that of the businessman, and he is admired and liked by everybody except the extremists.

Then there is M. Georges Bidault, a notable Foreign Minister and a man who astonishes his countrymen by his lack of appreciation of good food.

Another prominent ex-Prime Minister is M. Edgar Faure, who was appointed Minister of Finance by M. Laniel, a key position in a difficult time for the French Treasury.

He is a Doctor of Laws who writes detective stories under a nom de plume. One of his special assets in the present international situation is an ability to read and write Russian.

With such a wealth of political talent at her disposal, it seems unthinkable that France will continue to accept an unstable system of government.

LEARNING FRENCH AT THE CINEMA

At one of Harrogate's largest cinemas, 600 children attended a French film show—and some of them talked back at the screen!

M. van Daele, a multi-language professor, is achieving encouraging results in this way. At this film show 24 boys and girls from Grove Rock School (who had only had their first French lessons during the town's recent French Week) sat in front of the screen, and, as scenes from French films appeared, chanted a French commentary to their audience.

The words being learnt now are fairly simple, but eventually there will be more advanced lessons. Meanwhile, the cinema audiences interpret the scenes before them from the running commentary provided by their fellows.

HEARING AND HEATING

A system of ceiling heating was mentioned in the CN recently, and a correspondent tells us of the latest ceiling of this type, one of which has been fitted in the main assembly hall of the Palais de Chaillot in Paris.

In this kind of ceiling, square aluminium trays are clipped to a grid of square pipes through which hot water circulates. The trays fit closely together, forming an attractive ceiling which will not only keep the hall warm, but enable people to hear clearly what is going on, for it is drilled with thousands of tiny holes above which slag wool is packed. Thus it is a warm, acoustic ceiling in one.



IN Mr. Anthony Eden's big green room at the Foreign Office now sits the head of one of Britain's most distinguished families, the Cecils.

As acting Foreign Secretary—a designation made necessary by the absence of Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Eden—the Marquess of Salisbury has authority to act under the Cabinet in all foreign policy matters until Mr. Eden returns to duty in the autumn.

Lord Salisbury, descendant of great British statesmen, has inherited his family's most precious gift—wisdom, from which spring tolerance, patience, and other princely virtues. The motto of the Cecils is *Late, but seriously*.

Parliament, and especially the Opposition party at any given time, stand by the principle that the key offices of State should be vested in the Commons. Before he succeeded his father Lord Salisbury was, of course, in the Commons as Viscount Cranborne (his son is there now).

It is a tribute to his great ability, his modesty, and the "common touch" that his temporary appointment has been generally welcomed.

IN Father's young days sixpence a week pocket-money was a fortune. The equivalent nowadays is half-a-crown or more. Money values are certainly topsy-turvy.

But, then, they always were. Lord Shepherd has been telling the Lords that in the time of James the First a shilling went a long way. Under one charity of that time it was a week's income for one poor old man's "sustenance, relief, and maintenance."

The difference in values is most noticeable over the past 15 years. A Scottish M.P. points out that in 1938 it cost 19s. 9d. to replace a broken cinema seat. Today the price is £5.

THE speed and congestion of our London traffic have increased proportionately, too. Brigadier Medlicott, a Norfolk M.P., finds the change in London most noticeable.

In these days the roads of this country have to carry 4½ million vehicles, and that number is increasing at the rate of 250,000 a year. Our roads, of course, were not built to accommodate this rising flow of traffic.

It now takes longer (says the Brigadier) to get from Apsley House to the Mansion House than it took the Duke of Wellington 120 years ago at walking pace on horseback.

QUOTE: One of the few Latin tags which I remember is *mens sana in corpore sano*, which in this context, I think, can be freely translated to mean that it is much easier to get clear ideas on this subject when one washes regularly.—Mr. William Deedes, M.P. for Ashford, on the water-heating uses of electricity.

News from Everywhere

BANDITS

Crows have been stealing eggs, and magpies making off with tiny chicks at Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire.

The original manuscript of the United States' national anthem, The Star Spangled Banner, written by Francis Scott Key in 1814, has been sold in Baltimore for £9400.

Giant arrives



A giant tortoise for Whipsnade Zoo is landed at London Docks after its long voyage from Mombasa, in Kenya.

A memorial to Robert Grosseteste, one of the foremost scholars of the 13th century and Bishop of Lincoln for 18 years, has been dedicated at Lincoln Cathedral.

AUCTION BARGAIN

Five £1 and ten 10s. notes were found inside an armchair bought for 10s. at an auction in Co. Donegal.

A three-foot-long lobster which weighed 24 lbs. has been landed in Nova Scotia.

Sea Scouts at Picton, New Zealand, have named their two new boats Endeavour and Resolution, after Captain Cook's two ships.

FISHY STORY

People in Hyderabad, Pakistan, have complained that when they turn on their water taps they sometimes get fish! The town's reservoir gets its water unfiltered from the River Indus.

A collection of pictures has been formed for loan to schools in Leeds.

TEA ON TAP

A coin-in-the-slot tea dispenser has been invented, the customer pressing the cup against the operating arm until it is filled. The dispenser holds enough tea for 130 cups.

Hundreds of basking sharks, some nearly 30 feet long, have been seen off the coasts of the Shetland Islands.

A railway bridge built in 1885 at Harrow was replaced in 12 hours by a new 200-ton bridge complete with rail, signal, and electrical connections.

WATCHING OUR WAYS

A party of three American Girl Scout adult leaders and four Senior Girl Scouts has arrived in Britain to attend camps and stay with British families in order to learn our way of living. The visit is part of an exchange scheme between British Girl Guides and American Girl Scouts.

A ten-year-old hen on a Michigan farm set up what is claimed to be a world record when it laid its 15,270th egg.

Last year, the British and Foreign Bible Society published the Scriptures in ten more languages, bringing the total to 818.

TRAM-LOVER

The offer of a Leeds man to pay for repairs to a local tram in order to keep it in service has been declined.

A stork which had to have its leg amputated at Villageneuf, France, now has a wooden one.

Mr. Horace Boren, a Texan, has become the first man to fly round the world in less than 100 hours by airline services.

SELF-HELP

Boy Scouts at Grimsby have built themselves an open-air swimming pool; and the parishioners of St. Katharine Church, Belfast, are building their own lecture hall.

To commemorate the Coronation, Caithness people are to erect a cairn at John o' Groats so that visitors may each place a stone upon it.

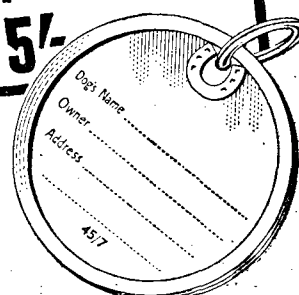
WOULD YOU LIKE A DISC FOR YOUR DOG?

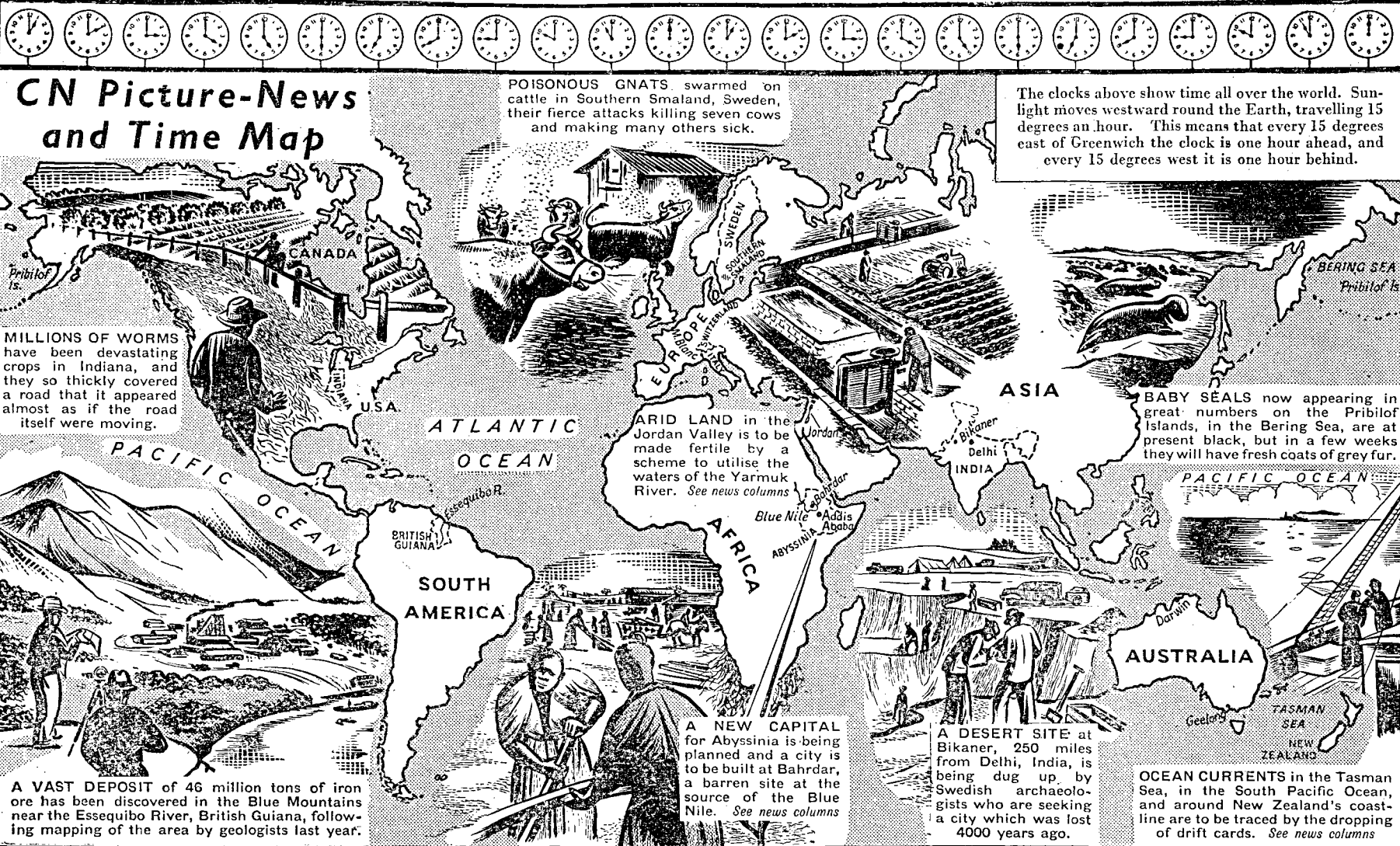
FILL IN AND SEND WITH 5/-

Membership of the Lucky Dog Club costs 5/- only and brings chromium plated disc deeply engraved with name and address. The subscription entitles new members to all privileges of the Club and also helps to carry on the good work of the League.

NATIONAL CANINE DEFENCE LEAGUE

Fill in coupon and send with 5/- to:
Mr. R. Harvey Johns, Secretary, Canine Defence Lucky Dog Club,
10 Seymour Street, Portman Square, London, W.1





WATER FOR THE JORDAN VALLEY

New hope has come to thousands of Arab refugees in the agreement between the Jordan Government and the United Nations Reconstruction and Works Agency (UNRWA) to use the Yarmuk River to irrigate land and make it fit for cultivation.

The strip of arid land lies east of the River Jordan, and stretches for 60 miles southward from the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea. Most of it is below sea level, some parts as much as 1200 feet, and it is from this poor soil that the refugees have been trying to live.

A 400-foot dam to be constructed across the Yarmuk will not only supply water to 95,000 acres of the desert land, but also feed two hydro-electric stations. A reservoir is also to be constructed with a capacity of 440 million cubic feet.

About 20,000 Arab refugee families will be able to live on the land when the scheme is completed. See World Map

INDIAN WARPATH

The Mohawk Trail in north-eastern U.S.A., famous in Redskin legend, has celebrated its 200th anniversary as a white man's road.

The trail was made by the Mohawks chiefly for the purpose of attacking other tribes—and, later, white settlers.

In 1753 European colonists widened the trail into a crude ox-wagon road through the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts. From this developed the great East-West main road of today.

ROAD TUNNEL UNDER MONT BLANC

Work has begun on the Italian side of the great road tunnel under Mont Blanc, following agreement between France, Switzerland, and Italy.

This tube under Mont Blanc's rocky heart will be nearly $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and will pass beneath the territory of both France and Italy. It will enable motorists to cross the High Alps all the year round.

The entrance on the French side is in the Valley of Chamonix, at a height of 3930 feet, and the Italian entrance is 4485 feet—higher than Ben Nevis.

The digging of the tunnel is expected to go on for three years at the rate of some 13 yards a day. A boring machine called Jumbo, is being used—so named because from behind it looks something like an elephant. Jumbo runs on rails, and has 24 rock borers.

When the tunnel is finished it will be just over 14 feet high in the centre, and its roadway will be nearly 23 feet wide.

For ventilation there will be a fresh-air channel under the road, and fumes will escape into another higher up. Every 55 yards, on alternate sides, there will be recesses where a car can pull in, and larger recesses every 110 yards.

BOOM CITY

In the Australian city of Darwin land values are going up by leaps and bounds, and bidders for plots are numerous.

This boom is due mainly to the development of the Rum Jungle uranium field.

JUNIOR SAFETY EXPERTS

Girls beat boys in a recent Leeds road safety quiz when one of their team in 20 seconds named 17 different road signs. The boys' representative could only remember 12.

In all the girls scored a maximum 48 points, but the boys were only one point behind—the highest and closest result in the history of this competition, according to the Leeds Police inspector who acted as quiz master.

These keen young road safety experts belong to the Hunslet Moor C.P. School.

Another place where young people take road safety seriously is Beckenham, in Kent. There boys and girls between 12 and 18 have formed a junior Accident Prevention Council, with a girl of 13 as secretary.

They are endeavouring to establish safety committees in all Beckenham schools, and have started cycling proficiency tests in one. They also plan to deliver safety first leaflets at every house in their district.

TO UNIVERSITY IN CANADA

The County Education Committee are encouraging school leavers in the West Riding of Yorkshire to take a course in Canada at McGill or Toronto Universities.

In a circular to schools the Committee say that they believe "an old-world schooling, followed by a new world education, is likely to produce a graduate with a wide outlook who is well fitted to make a career in any part of the world."

TRACING SOUTHERN OCEAN CURRENTS

In last week's CN we reported that an American school was helping in tracing ocean currents of the North Atlantic. Now we learn of a similar experiment on the opposite side of the world.

To establish the pattern of surface water movement in the Tasman Sea and the South Pacific, ships leaving and approaching New Zealand ports will drop special drift cards to assist in tracing ocean currents. The experiment will last for a year, and 3000 cards will be dropped each quarter.

The cards will lie flat on the water and will move with it, even against the wind. In this way it is hoped to learn where the East Australian Current crosses the Tasman to New Zealand.

Shipping lines are co-operating with the New Zealand Department of Scientific and Industrial Research in the programme.

See World Map

INSTEAD OF ADDIS ABABA

A Birmingham architect has been surveying a site for a city which will eventually replace Addis Ababa, 400 miles away, as the capital of Abyssinia.

The city is to be built at Bahrdar, at present a barren site at the source of the Blue Nile.

An aerial and land survey of 25 square miles has been made, and a modern centre for the development of the province will be built.

Hydro-electric power will be available, with lakeside quays for shipping. See World Map

AUSTRALIA'S BIG PIPELINE

Australia's largest oil refinery is now being built on a 250-acre site five miles north of Geelong, Victoria. When completed next year it will have cost £A9,000,000, and will have an annual output of more than a million tons.

The crude oil will be brought from Ceria oilfield in North Borneo. From the refinery will be an eight-inch pipeline, built at a cost of half-a-million pounds, which will carry the oil products to Melbourne, 36 miles away.

This pipeline, running underground, will be the longest in Australia, and will be wrapped in fibre glass sent from Lancashire.

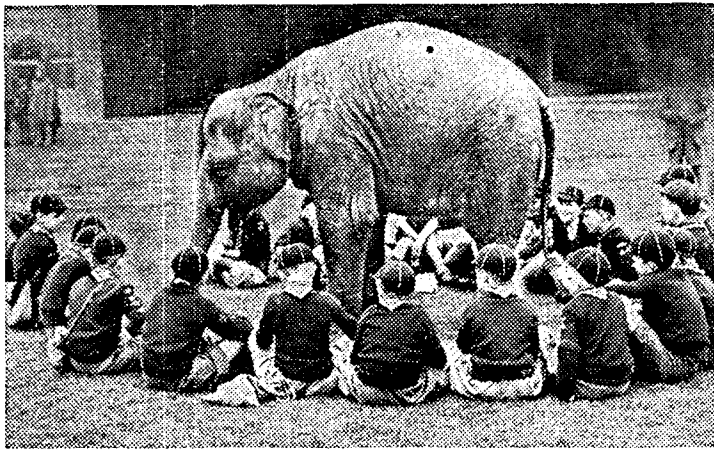
COLLEGE SAVED BY KEEN-EYED BOY

While passing new buildings at Newcastle's King's College in a car driven by his father, a seven-year-old CN reader, Alan Gold, suddenly shouted, "Daddy, the College is on fire!"

Mr. Gold could see nothing, and drove on. But Alan pleaded with his father to turn back, and finally started crying.

Puzzled, Mr. Gold drove back to the new buildings—erected two or three years ago at a cost of £1,000,000. They were shut for the weekend and still he noticed nothing.

Then he saw a flash of flame inside. He called the fire brigade, who quickly extinguished the blaze. They told him that had the fire burned longer, it might have caused untold disaster.



Wolf Cubs and elephant

When the Cubs of the 29th Cambridge Pack settled down to a picnic lunch at Whipsnade Zoo they were joined by Valli, the baby elephant.

NINE-YEAR VISION OF THE BBC

By Ernest Thomson, our Radio and Television Correspondent

Within ten years 97 people out of every hundred in Great Britain and Northern Ireland will be within the range of BBC television. They may be able to choose from two separate programmes, with the pictures in colour.

This prospect emerges from the BBC's timetable of operations up to 1962, when the present Charter is due for renewal. By then it is reckoned that viewers will number seven million, compared with nearly 2½ million today.

To transform dreams into reality no fewer than 36 TV stations will be needed, comprising two separate networks. Just now even the first network is far from complete, though 80 per cent of our population are already within range—the highest TV coverage of any country.

By the end of next year five additional medium-power transmitters will be in operation at Belfast and Newcastle (where temporary low-power stations were installed in time for the Coronation), Aberdeen, Southampton, and Plymouth.

COMPLETE CHAIN

Then, if the Government sanctions the expenditure, eight more low-power stations will fill in the "blind" areas of the Channel Islands, the Isle of Man, East Anglia, North Wales, and at Dover, Carlisle, Inverness, and Londonderry.

This chain, which could be completed in four years, would leave only three per cent of the population beyond the reach of TV.

So much for Network Number One. The BBC's ambition to give us an alternative TV programme extends to a similar network of another 18 stations.

An alternative programme, however, presents formidable difficulties. Much more money would be required, with more studios, more transmission frequencies, and—biggest problem of all, perhaps—more and more fresh programme material.

Sir Ian Jacob, Director-General of the BBC, has said that the completion of such a network

cannot be expected before the end of the Charter period, and has stressed the Corporation's primary task: to bring the whole country within range of the first network.

Coloured TV is already practicable, but the BBC is not yet satisfied with any one system. When the time comes, colour will be introduced gradually and in such a way that the pictures can still be seen on black-and-white receivers.

This autumn it is planned to increase the daily amount of TV from five hours to seven, with an earlier start in the evenings. What effect this will have on school homework remains to be seen!

NEWS PICTURES

Illustrated news bulletins will be another expansion. At present the news in "Sound Only" is usually a recording of the 10 o'clock News in the Light Programme. Soon it is hoped to televise news which includes outside broadcasts, news-reel shots, still photographs, and maps.

Most of the studio TV still comes from London, but the Regions, given suitable equipment, may soon be introducing more of their own "local colour" into the national programmes.

And what of the millions who still take their radio exclusively by ear? The BBC is determined to maintain a full service for listeners, believing that in 1962 there will still be six million homes with sound radio only.

Owing to increasing interference from Continental stations, it is hoped to reinforce the existing system of broadcasting with the Very High Frequency method, which is interference-free and of better quality. A start will be made in 1955, when V.H.F. receivers will be on sale to the public.

Better sound radio, better and more extensive TV—such is the prospect for the next nine years. Like most good things, this will cost money; but the BBC believes it can become a reality if a radio receiving licence remains at £1 and a combined radio and TV licence is raised to not more than £3.

In the Air

By the C N Flying Correspondent

Muffling the jet

JET-ENGINE designers, supported by university and Government research workers, are trying to reduce the noise of jet engines—not only on the ground, where the sound can be muffled with the aid of asbestos "pens" or screens, but in the air.

Noise from jet engines is caused principally by the high speed and turbulence of the jet stream as it rushes from the tailpipe, and it is here that the remedy is being applied.

One of the most successful suppressors so far tested consists of a ring with large metal teeth, or fingers, projecting from it, which is attached to the jet nozzle. This breaks up and slows the exhaust stream.

Freighter from France

A GIANT French freight plane, the double-deck Breguet Deux Ponts, is joining a British airline for a trial period of three months. Initially it will be used on Berlin's "little airlift," which is supplying the city with machinery.

If the plane proves satisfactory, it will later be joined by two others, and all of these will then go into service on a new London-Paris car ferry.

Difficulties in loading this mammoth 140-foot span freighter are overcome by using no fewer than five built-in mechanical hoists and two travelling cranes.

Cradle for jets

JET engines must have a complete overhaul every few hundred hours, and to help to speed the repair of jet engines in the field a British firm has developed a mobile test cradle which can be carried around on a lorry.

Weighing two tons, it is large enough to test the biggest jet engines now in production. Their thrust will be measured by a mobile statimeter, a device which uses an incompressible fluid to obtain the necessary readings.

Exchange of Heads

ONE of the more unusual operations carried out by Australian National Airways was the setting-up of a new headmaster on Flinders Island, off the north-east of Tasmania.

On the outward flight went the newly-appointed headmaster, his furniture, and car. On the return flight the plane took the retiring "head" with his furniture and family back to the mainland.

Pigs with wings

EAGLE AVIATION, who are operating the new service between London and Belgrade, have been chartered to carry 123 pigs from this country to Yugoslavia. The porkers will be carried by Dakotas in six consignments.

Swift flight

TEST-PILOT MICHAEL LITHGOW has flown a Supermarine Swift from London to Paris and back in the record time of 38 minutes 32.3 seconds.

VENUS AND JUPITER IN THE MORNING SKY

By the C N Astronomer

VENUS and Jupiter may now be seen quite near together in the morning sky before sunrise.

They present a fine spectacle as they gradually approach each other until, by July 22 they appear at their nearest. Jupiter will be above the more brilliant Venus and about three times the Moon's width away.

The earlier they are viewed before sunrise the more brilliant they will appear, of course. From about 2 a.m. until 5 a.m. these two most brilliant of the planets may be seen as if hanging like celestial lamps over the south-east horizon, gradually attaining a higher altitude as the morning advances.

During this week each day will show an appreciable reduction in their distance apart. Then, after Wednesday next, they will begin to part company, Jupiter travelling slowly to the right and Venus moving more quickly to the left.

The presence of the bright red-dish star Aldebaran, appearing a little to the south-west of the much more brilliant planets, and also the grand constellation of Orion with Betelgeuse, Bellatrix, and the "Belt" stars below them, will add to the grandeur of this rare celestial scene, if viewed while the sky is still dark.

VENUS LONG VISIBLE

Venus is so bright that it will remain visible until long after the Sun has risen, and may be clearly perceived if the observer notes the position of Venus before sunrise and then follows its movement as it travels towards the west.

Though appearing so close together, these planets are actually an immense distance apart; Venus is about 82 million miles away from us, and Jupiter about 525 million miles away.

As Venus is receding, it will gradually become less brilliant during the next few months as its diameter decreases. On the other hand, Jupiter is approaching us, and will therefore increase both in

brilliance and diameter as seen telescopically.

Venus being so much the brighter planet it might be inferred that it was apparently the largest when seen telescopically; but this is not so, as can be seen from the accompanying diagram, which shows their relative apparent sizes at the present time.

Jupiter seems to have twice the width of Venus notwithstanding its very much greater distance.

Owing to the present position of Venus in its orbit we see but little more than half its disc illuminated by the Sun. Yet in spite of this, Venus is nearly four magnitudes brighter than Jupiter, as seen by the naked eye.

One reason for this is that Venus is so much nearer to us than

Jupiter; another, and the chief reason, is that the cloud-laden surface of Venus is much nearer to the Sun than is Jupiter's, being only 67,200,000 miles from the Sun as compared with Jupiter's 455,500,000 miles.

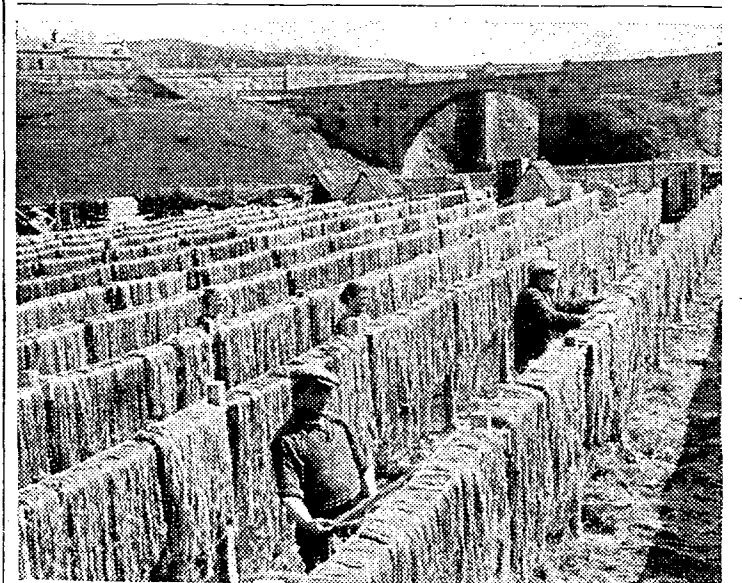
Moreover, the silvery clouds of Venus are chemically different from the golden-hued cloud-belts of Jupiter which have not the reflecting power of those of Venus.

As Jupiter possesses a diameter of 88,700 miles compared with 7600 miles of Venus, it is obvious how very much larger is the surface of Jupiter for radiating the sunlight, even though it is at a much greater distance. G. F. M.

EXTRA LESSON

After a swarm of bees had settled on a wall at Castleton School, Armley, Leeds, an emergency call was put through to the Leeds City Police.

Inspector W. R. Wood, himself a beekeeper, hastened to the school, and before an audience of 300 children gave a practical lesson on how to clear a swarm.



Drying the jute

The sun is always welcome at Inverberrie, on the Kincardine coast of Scotland, where jute-workers take advantage of the warmth to dry the jute on long wooden racks.

GATEWAYS TO SUCCESS—11 Ceramics

You might be thinking a long time about a job in life before you thought of Ceramics—especially if you did not know that the word is pronounced Ker-am-ics and that it is just the Greek word for pottery.

But the ceramics industry nowadays has a very much wider scope than what is meant by "pottery" in an art class. And when I went up to the North Staffordshire Technical College at Stoke-on-Trent, I got a very different view of ceramics.

The centre of this industry is, of course, Stoke-on-Trent, and Dr. Webb, the Principal of the College, told me that at present there are more jobs being offered than there are trained technicians to fill them.

To start with, there are 150 million cups and saucers made every year in Britain, not to men-

good deposits of it in this island, especially the china clays of Cornwall and the highly plastic ball clays which are found in Devon and Dorset.

Red burning clays for making bricks, or floor and roof tiles, are found in many parts of the British Isles.

In addition, there are extensive deposits of refractory clays capable of withstanding high temperatures, and these are important in the production of steel, gas, coke, and so on.

For making the white-coloured earthenware and china, however, the special clays of Cornwall and Devon are required, and even then they have to undergo refinement and mixture with other materials before fine-quality pottery—dinner and tea ware, glazed tiles, electrical insulators, sanitary ware—can be made from them.

sented, and many different countries of the world, as well as the Dominions and Colonies. The majority are already working in the industry when they come, and they study at the College for alternate periods of six months, the other six being spent at their factories.

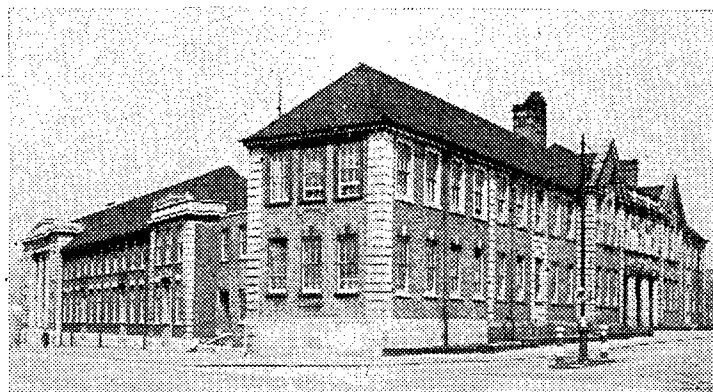
Other students may come after taking a University course and a degree in Science. The full-time course normally lasts three years. At the end of it examinations for a manager's certificate may be taken in a particular branch of the industry.

Diplomas are also available to those who wish to enter the scientific rather than the managerial side. But the actual award of the certificate does not come until there has been a further period of practical experience for the student.

The College also offers part-time courses combining day and evening classes, while other students take evening courses only. Part-time courses take longer, the usual period being six years.

BUT whichever course you take, the basic idea is the same: students must gain a thorough knowledge of the material on which they will have to work for their living.

All branches of ceramics—the full possibilities of what can and cannot be done with clays of all kinds—are covered. To help in applying this knowledge the courses have to include chemistry, physics, mechanical and electrical engineering, as well as the study of the various fuels used in the industry.



North Staffordshire Technical College, Stoke-on-Trent

July twelve-months. Go and get on with it!"

Of course, the young manager would have the services of architects and engineers, but he would have to know what was wanted, how much floor space was required, and so on.

The College works closely with the industry, and the oral examinations for Managers' Certificates are conducted by members of the industry.

Furthermore, a good deal of research is carried out by students. While some of this may be in the realm of pure science—that is, where the results may not have a use which can be applied immediately—most of it is entirely practical.

A particular student-employee may be asked by his firm to investigate some special problem which has arisen. The College provides the apparatus, the time, the working space, and the guidance.

The only stipulation is that these facilities which the College provides must be used for the

benefit of the industry as a whole, and not reserved just for the firm in question.

THERE is also research in clay itself. Samples are often sent to the College from all over the world, for no one wants to pay the high cost of importing clay if local material is to be had.

The College sets its staff and students to work on analysing and examining the samples, and sends a report on their particular virtues and for what kind of use they are suitable.

One student I spoke to was from West Africa. He was getting samples of clay ready for various firing tests, and told me that the clay from his home territory is mostly tinged with iron and the pottery was therefore of a prevailing red colour. After a course at Stoke he was going home to help to improve the local product.

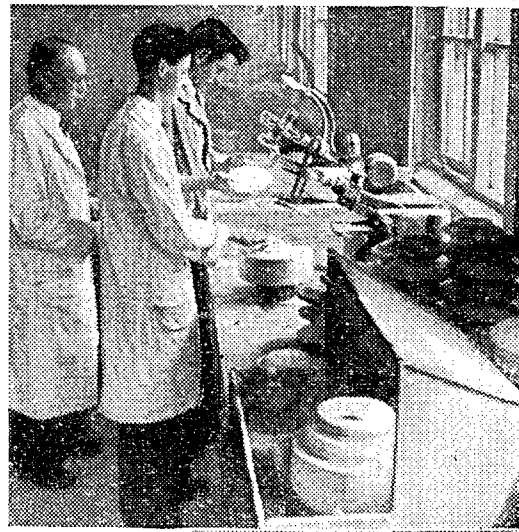
In the laboratories clay is examined, tested, and worked at all stages from the "pug"—the moistened raw material squeezed out of a machine in long, tube-like pieces—to the finished article. There is a machine which tests the ease, or otherwise, with which cups and plates made from various clays and with various treatment will break.

There is no entrance examination for admission, but a good general education should have been acquired up to ordinary General Certificate level, with the emphasis on chemistry and physics.

A. V. I.



Girl students at the College. Left, filtering silica; and, right, testing the breaking point of different kinds of pottery



Three stages of pottery production. Left, students from West Africa preparing a mixture of clay; centre, making moulds for plates and saucers; and, right, making plates and saucers

tion plates, bowls, and teapots. Nothing has yet been found to take the place of decorated earthenware and china for such things. Glass will not take the coloured decoration without a very expensive process, and plastic goods are not to everybody's taste.

Crockery is the oldest use for clay; but, as time goes on and knowledge increases, so we find more and more uses for this wonderful substance.

THERE are many different kinds of natural clay, and there are

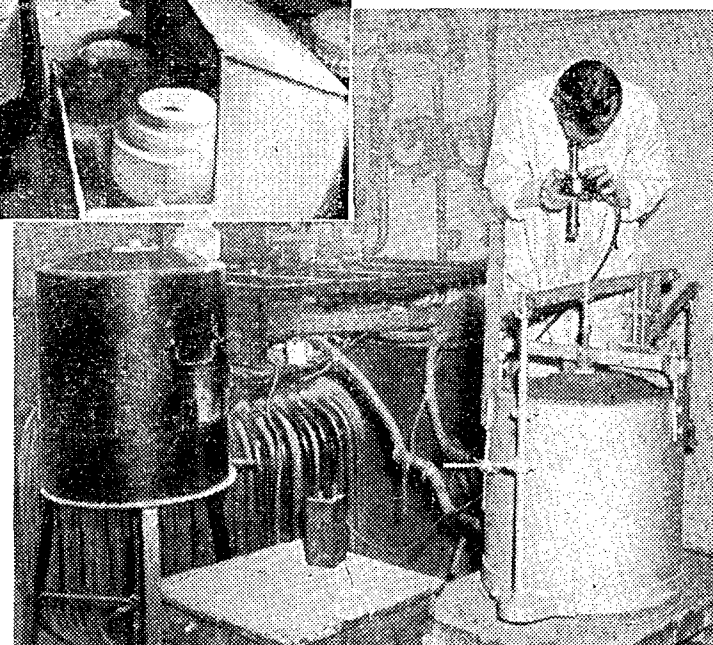
In addition there are special types of ceramics—those used, for example, in radar and high-frequency work, for turbine blades and cutting tools—which may contain no clay at all.

THE North Staffordshire Technical College takes many of its students from the secondary and public schools at the age of about 18, and they are mostly trained for the posts of works managers.

They naturally tend to come largely from the Potteries; but all parts of the kingdom are repre-

In addition to this comes management and personnel training, for those who wish to get the top jobs have to know how a factory works and how to look after the people who are employed there.

SAID Dr. Webb: "We like to turn out the kind of student to whom his boss can one day say, 'We want to open a factory in such-and-such a part of the world which will be able to produce so many furnace linings or, say, 100,000 cups and saucers by next



Reading the temperature of an electric furnace

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars · London · EC4
JULY 18 1953

CLEAR THE AIR

EVERY year the British people spend millions of pounds on medicine to relieve coughs and colds. But we spend very little on trying to clear the air of the smoke and dirt which do so much to make the trouble worse.

The important question of purifying the air we breathe has been raised by Mr. Paton Watson, of the Institution of Municipal Engineers. He believes that more attention to the air would result in less illness and a happier people.

London's fogs and the smoke pall which hangs over most industrial towns are very costly items in our national health bill. Because they never appear in the accounts of the National Health Service we forget about them, and go on paying out millions of pounds to cure what they cause.

But the true cure is prevention. A national campaign to clear the air—which principally means dealing with smoky chimneys—would result in a cleaner, healthier Britain.

Manchester has already shown what can be done, for there is now a central zone of clear air above the city's heart. In this matter we may indeed hope it is true that what Manchester does today the rest of the country will do tomorrow.

JOIN THIS CLUB

MEMBERS of the new Children's Playground Club are helping to provide playgrounds for those who lack them.

The members, resolved to help children less fortunate than themselves, take collecting-boxes and promise to raise at least a penny a week; or they become school members by paying sixpence a term.

There are hundreds of thousands of boys and girls who have no playground near their homes, and are tempted to play in the streets. In the last 30 years over 30,000 children have been killed and more than half-a-million injured in traffic accidents.

The Children's Playground Club, founded by the National Playing Fields Association, believes that a safe place to play in is every child's birthright.

Blind cooks

STUDENTS at an American school for the blind in Pittsburgh now learn cooking and other domestic tasks in an electrically-equipped kitchen.

A system of notches on the electrical appliances guides the fingers of the students. They use Braille cookery books and have Braille labels to help them to identify the cooking materials.

When their course is completed, the pupils prove their efficiency by serving meals to the staff. Their chief guest is the headmaster, Mr. Alton G. Kloss, who, when his twin sons were born blind, gave up his career as a college professor to devote his energies to helping the blind.

The motto of the school is: "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness."

JUST AN IDEA

As R. W. Emerson wrote: Manners are the happy ways of doing things.

The Editor's Table

Headmaster's new ABC

THE headmaster of a Scottish school has recommended this new ABC of achievement to his pupils:

A for Ambition; the incentive without which achievement is impossible.

B for Backbone; the doggedness and single-mindedness with which you must pursue your aim in life.

C for Capacity, developed by dint of hard work.

Musical Guide



On August 1, Pamela Enfield, 15-year-old Girl Guide Patrol Leader of St. Ives, Hunts., is to receive from the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, a violin which is lent to the winner of a competition for the best musical ability and Guide proficiency.

Adventure is glory

ON the gold medals recently presented to Mr. Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tensing by the President of India is the motto: Adventure is glorious.

What makes an adventure glorious? One simple definition of real adventure has been given by Colonel John Hunt, leader of the expedition: "Everest was the standing challenge to man," he said. "Man accepted this challenge, for he could not, by his nature, leave a challenge unaccepted."

Few of us can scale mountain peaks, but we can all tackle our everyday problems in the adventurous spirit which conquered Everest.

Train of goodwill

ALONG Norway's railways has been running a train called the Indian Express. It was not really an express, for it stopped at every station. Nor was it going to India.

Wherever it stopped, crowds of people were waiting with contributions to a fund for helping the people of India. On the Indian Express a committee sat in a coach arranged as an office, counting the money as the train rattled along towards its next stop.

It is hoped that £500,000 will be collected in Norway to help United Nations Technical Assistance projects in India.

SHOPPING LESSONS

How to buy wisely in a sweet-shop is something in which few boys and girls need instruction; but laying out money to the best advantage in a furniture store is a matter that will not concern them until they get married.

Educational authorities, however, think young people should start getting acquainted with it, and this week London schoolchildren are being taken to shops to learn how to recognise and choose articles of furniture which will best meet their requirements when the time comes for them to set up homes.

These shopping lessons are part of Housing Week for Schoolchildren—five days of lectures and visits to enable schoolboys and girls in and near London to find out something about housing at first hand.

It is an excellent idea. Shakespeare wrote, "What's to come is still unsure," but that is no reason for being unprepared.

Thirty Years Ago

A MAN knocked at the door of the American Treasury in Washington the other day, and handed to the Treasurer British bonds worth over one thousand million pounds.

It was Mr. Chilton, of the British Embassy, and this was the final act in the arrangements for paying the British war debt to America. It is the greatest single financial transaction ever known in the world.

The debt is not Britain's, having been incurred for our Allies in the war, chiefly for France and Italy; but Britain stood as security for them, and she is paying.

From the Children's Newspaper, July 21, 1923

A LEAF'S MESSAGE

Leaves seem light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable—they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing, He has given us a lesson, not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightness within.

Leigh Hunt

The Children's Newspaper, July 18, 1953

THEY SAY . . .

READING is one of the ways of acquiring knowledge with a supreme advantage; it allows one to break off and reflect.

Bishop of Sheffield

MUSEUMS provide a potential antidote to boredom, one of the greatest evils of modern life.

Dr. F. J. North, of the National Museum of Wales

IT behoves everyone to take a much greater interest not only in national but also in local affairs.

Lord Provost of Perth

SOME way must be found of unobtrusively teaching children to live and think healthily as part of the ordinary preparation for adult life.

Medical Officer for Hertfordshire

WHEN television was new our readers fell off. Now they are returning to ask for books on the subjects brought to their attention on the screen.

An American librarian

BRITISH children are far in advance of American children educationally, particularly in knowledge of international affairs.

An American publisher

Think on these Things

THIRTEEN centuries ago an old man left a feast which was taking place near Whitby, because he could not sing and all the revellers were expected to provide a song in turn. His name was Caedmon.

He went and lay on some straw in a barn and, falling asleep, dreamed that a man called him by name, commanding him to sing. Caedmon protested that he had no voice, but the visitor persisted. "What shall I sing?" asked Caedmon. "Sing a song of beginnings," was the reply.

Awakening, Caedmon sang in his own words the Creation story—and that was the beginning of English poetry.

The story of the beginning of things is in ten words: "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." To gain knowledge is a fascinating pursuit, and it is thrilling to find out the secrets of the world; but we should remember that, "In the beginning God . . ." F.P.

Under the Editor's Table

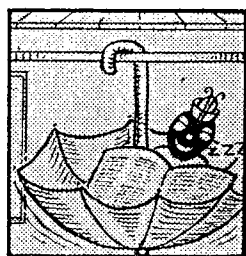
A celebrated photographer says he has his own views about portraiture. And not negative ones.

A school in Cumberland is called Hill Top School. Its pupils go up every day.

A mouse show has been held at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire. Did the best exhibit win by a narrow squeak?

A famous dress-designer is an excellent letter-writer. Always dropping a clothes line.

BILLY BEETLE

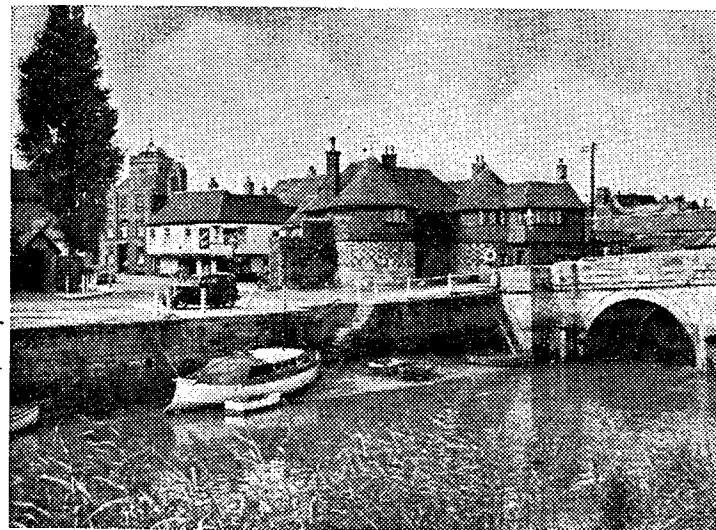


PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW

If sweeps
leave a
trade mark

A little boy wants to know how to tell the age of a tortoise. The tortoise won't tell.

A lady says she eats next to nothing. Must dine alone.



OUR HOMELAND

The River Stour at Sandwich in Kent

The Children's Newspaper, July 18, 1953

Let THE HUT MAN be your guide to Nature's . . .

HIDDEN HAUNTS



7. A hedgerow ditch in July

JULY is a silent month in the countryside—perhaps the most silent month of the year.

Bird-song was at its best in May; it slackened in June while hungry nestlings kept parents fully occupied; and now the busiest days of the nesting-time are over. With most of our birds, feather-moulting has begun, and this is a period too uncomfortable for music-making.

But the countryside is never wholly silent. Though bird-voices have lessened there are many little sounds to be heard by those who know how to listen. There is the sound of insect wings, ranging from the high-pitched hum of the tiny mason-wasp to the deep zooming flight of the passing cockchafer; and, everywhere, there are exciting little rustlings.

There is no better corner in which to hear these fascinating sounds of field-folk passage than the hedgerow ditch by the lane-side, and while sitting quietly on the hedge-bank we will often be rewarded by glimpsing the travellers themselves.

WE need not exercise patience while waiting for such rustlings; indeed, we should not be disappointed if they do not come at all, for the hedgerow ditch in July is a wonderland of beauty and interest.

The ditch itself, dry and carpeted with old leaves, is hidden under a forest of tall grasses which glow with the pale fire of ragged-robin and campion. Goose-grass, which we called Sticky-Willie at school, clambers up the dark hawthorns behind us, and overhead are the pink-and-white flowers of a wild-rose, more perfect in their simplicity and usefulness than the cultured roses of our gardens.

A willow, too, has grown up in the hedge, and we examine its lance-shaped glossy leaves, hoping to discover a feeding puss-moth caterpillar, resplendent in its green-and-purple coat with forked tails. There is just no time to be weary beside a hedge.

THE first little rustling is always exciting, even though we have been listening and hoping for it. Perhaps it comes from the grassy bank alongside, where a cluster of wild violets move under pressure from a small hidden body.

Then leaves and stems are pushed aside and a round head appears—a little russet head with bright black liquid eyes—and we have just time to glimpse a white breast before the forager disappears again.

But the rustling continues. It was a bank-vole, small cousin of the water-vole of the streamside, and we sit waiting his reappearance;

but the rustling stops and we guess he has entered the front door of his burrow among the violets.

It does not do to poke and pry when waiting for the hedgerow people to show themselves. As we sit waiting expectantly a tiny black moth flutters past, a delightful little moth with the equally delightful name of chimney-sweeper!

Surprising how beautiful her plain sooty wings are—or is it because of the contrast with those white flowers of earth-nut which she was examining? Nature is an expert at colour grouping.

Restlessly the chimney-sweeper flutters on and out of sight along the hedgerow, but she has directed our eyes to the tiny brown form of a wren, flitting mouse-like in and out among the lower lichen-covered branches of the hedge. Now and then she darts forward to capture an insect from a cranny in the rough bark, moving slowly towards us.

Then, with a whirl of suddenly-startled wings, she flies to the lane bank opposite, from where her angry churring seems to say, "Don't think you scared me; I was coming over here anyway!"

WREN's pantomime has intrigued us into forgetting everything else, but now comes a rustling which would attract attention from the least interested passer-by.

Tall grasses and a cluster of silver-weed roofing the old ditch are violently agitated as someone who does not seem to care whether he is heard or not forges a passage underneath.

Eoot by foot the upheaval approaches, and now we can make out low snufflings and gruntings, intermingled with the cracking of dried leaves and twigs at the ditch bottom. To investigate is tempting, but we restrain ourselves; there is a less thickly-tangled place just beside us where we can see into the ditch between some bramble sprays, and the noisy traveller is approaching it.

Closer he comes, and closer; and then a wet, black snout appears, a pointed brindled head with bright, black eyes, a podgy, prickly body, and the hedgehog is at last in full view.

It is only for a moment, as he passes our open view-point, but he obligingly pauses to root among the dead leaves before entering his grassy tunnel again; and the last we see of him is his hind-quarters disappearing, two dark little hind-paws forcing his portly body on its way.

The gruntings grow fainter, the waving grasses recede along the ditch, and the hedgehog joins our ever-growing memories of shy creatures seen as we linger quietly in their own selected hidden haunts.

LET THEM ALONE!

Every year at this season a C.N. correspondent who is a zoologist hears from people who have found a baby owl, or a baby shield duck and, having brought it home, want to know on what to feed it.

They are usually annoyed (our correspondent writes) when I tell them they should have left the young bird where they found it.

A clergyman recently sent me an urgent request for advice because two people in his village had found a baby tawny owl in the woods and brought it home. The owl was dying because they did not know how to feed it.

Last year a city family spending a day at the seaside found a baby shield duck, and took it home to make a pet of it. Again, I told them they should have left it where they found it.

You see, our presence often frightens parent birds away from their chicks; or young birds, shortly before they are ready to fly, may leave the nest. Their parents are seldom far away, and if we quietly go our way the parents will return and feed them far better than we can.

GUILDFORD SCHOOL IS 400

In common with other famous Royal Grammar Schools, Guildford is this year commemorating its 400th birthday, and the celebrations reach a climax this week in the performance of a masque at the Guildford Theatre, and a cricket match between the School and its Old Boys.

Cricket is indeed appropriate, for Guildford claims the first recorded mention of the game. That was in 1598 when an Old Boy,



A wing of the old building at Guildford Grammar School

giving evidence in a lawsuit about a plot of land, said that when he was a scholar in the free school of Guildford, he and several of his fellows "did run and play there at cricket and other plays."

Edward VI gave the School its Charter, and the present building

was completed about the time of the Armada.

It is one of the few schools in the country which have continued in the same buildings for four centuries. New classrooms have been erected elsewhere, but the heart of the School still throbs round its ancient quad.

In the 17th and 18th centuries boys started work at six in the Spring and summer and seven during the rest of the year. They had a two-hour break in the morning and went on until five.

They paid a penny a quarter towards the purchase of brooms and rods (for cleanliness and chastisement respectively), and fourpence a year for candles to light the School House in winter. On Sundays and Holy Days they went to church in a body, and the seniors had to take notes of the sermon—to prevent any surreptitious naps! The seniors also had to speak only Latin in school.

Today the picture is very different. There is a house system, a C.C.F. with a fine record in marksmanship, a Scout Group, a magazine, and societies of all kinds.

Once again it is a "free school," supported no longer by its ancient foundation but from the public purse. It provides grammar school education for nearly 400 Surrey boys, with the prospect of a greater number to come.

GAME FOR THE SILLY SEASON

Flying was such a feature of the Coronation festivities that it is interesting to recall that the first air mail was delivered at the time of the Coronation of the Queen's grandfather, George V, in 1911.

A plane, looking like a large kite, with a pusher propeller, and its muffled-up pilot entirely unprotected from the elements, carried a 23-lbs. mail bag 21 miles to Windsor in 15 minutes.

A newspaper of those days commented on "... an amusing enough game for the silly season. It demonstrates nothing except the ardour with which grown-up people will throw themselves into a game of make-believe."

Even G.P.O. officials called the achievement a "freak," and said it had "no scientific value."

Eight years later the first British regular air service was started between Folkestone and Cologne.

ISLAND UNDER FIRE

By Eric Gillett, the C.N. Film Critic

MALTA STORY is another British film that presents a worthy treatment of a noble theme.

The people of Malta were awarded the George Cross for their magnificent spirit of endurance for many months of almost continuous bombing.

Flight-lieut. Peter Ross (Alec Guinness) Photographic Reconnaissance Pilot, is sent out to discover an enemy convoy's position, but gives away his own, by radioing details back to the island, where the Air Officer Commanding (Jack Hawkins) and his staff are anxiously waiting to receive them.

Flora Robson, Muriel Pawlow, and Rosalie Crutchley speak for Malta, and various British Service "types" have been well played and directed.

Malta Story is a worthy tribute to a prolonged and historic act of heroism. It is also a good, exciting picture.

THE wide-screen film system called Cinema Scope is 20th Century-Fox's technical device for bringing "new look" films to audiences without the use of special spectacles.

The pictures are shown on a curved screen almost twice as wide as the normal one. Stereophonic sound is employed, and the combination of the two is distinctly impressive.

There is some illusion of depth, but it is not as pronounced as it is in true three-dimensional methods, where glasses are worn by the audience.

The new method is at its best when spectacular scenes are shown. The programme seen by the critics included some excellent pictures of London, and a colour sequence of the Coronation procession which faithfully caught the splendour of

the great cavalcade. The sound track is notably good in reproducing military bands.

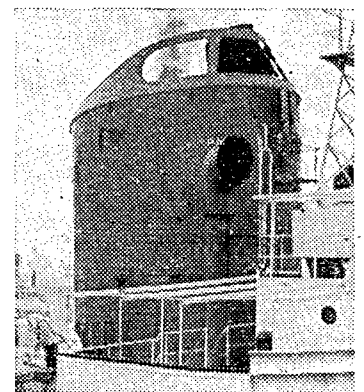
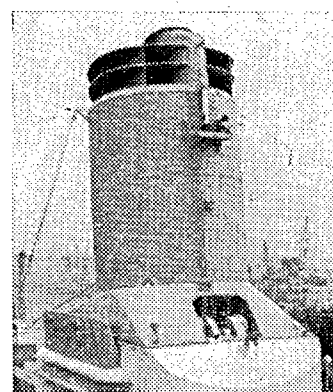
A lovely picture of New York's skyscrapers taken from a ship near the Statue of Liberty, was, perhaps the most satisfying item in the programme.

A few excerpts from a forthcoming feature, The Robe, revealed that intimate scenes can be projected onto the new wide screen without distortion or loss of perspective.

A film taken from an aeroplane over beautiful mountain and lake-land country gave a realistic illusion of flight.

This experimental programme was full of promise, but I feel that the new medium would be even more effective without such a wide screen.

There are no headaches in CinemaScope, but it is impossible for the eyes to take in the whole width of the screen comfortably without moving the head. At times I found this need for movement quite distracting.



Fashions in funnels

Two methods of streamlining are shown in these pictures of the funnels of the P. & O. liner Chusan (left) and the S.S. Flamenco.

CORONATION AIR REVIEW

One of the most dramatic air spectacles of all time will be staged before her Majesty the Queen at her Coronation Review of the Royal Air Force, which is to take place at Odiham airfield, Hants, this Wednesday.

Beginning at 3.40 p.m., more than 600 aircraft, assembled from more than 40 airfields in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, will converge into a huge fly-past which is expected to last about half an hour.

Leading this procession will be basic trainers, and following them will come progressively faster types, right up to the super-priority bombers and fighters just going into service.

Canberras will be there in force, and the big, high-flying Handley-Page Victor—designed to carry an atom bomb at a speed close to that of sound—will be making its first “official” appearance as it flashes across the airfield. Behind it will come near-sonic fighters—the Hunter, the Javelin, and a flight of Vickers Supermarine Swifts.

BRITAIN'S LEAD

The mighty Avro Vulcan—the world's first delta-wing bomber—is expected there too, and will provide further evidence of Britain's leadership in the air today.

On the ground well over 300 aircraft, drawn from all Commands in Britain, and the 2nd Allied Tactical Air Force in Europe, as well as representative machines from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, will be lined-up on the airfield, together with ground equipment and air and ground crews. Detachments of the R.A.F.V.R., W.R.A.F., R.O.C., A.T.S. and C.C.F., totalling 1125 officers and other ranks, will be on parade.

Her Majesty's drive along the lines of aircraft and equipment will probably take at least an hour.

Steps to Sporting Fame

Sylvia Cheeseman



To have competed twice in the Olympic Games by the age of 23 is the record of Britain's foremost girl sprinter, Sylvia Cheeseman.



Sylvia was an outstanding athlete at school, but took her matriculation before giving really serious attention to the track. In 1945, at 16, she joined the famous Spartan Ladies Athletic Club.



The following year, she won the national 200-metres title, and by 1947 ranked second only to Fanny Blankers-Koen, of the Netherlands. One record after another fell to Sylvia after that.



At that time she worked as a shorthand-typist on the staff of a sports magazine. It was a short step to editorial work—and a weekly column in a Sunday newspaper. Her facts are collected on the spot.

HENRY FORD THREW NOTHING AWAY

A vast mass of papers left by Henry Ford, one of the greatest industrial magnates of our time, is being sorted by a team of historical research workers in America.

It is a formidable task which may take several years, for some five million documents and 25,000 photographs have to be sorted and classified.

Henry Ford, who died in 1947, was a man who did not care to throw things away, thinking, perhaps, that the trifle of today might be of interest or use to the people of tomorrow.

In the house at Dearborn, Michigan, where he died, are

BREAKING THE ICE

For the third year in succession the Newcastle-on-Tyne cargo vessel Warkworth is expected to be the first ship to enter the Hudson Bay port of Churchill, after the breaking of the ice.

This port is only open to shipping for a comparatively short time each year, and the coming of such a ship is a great occasion. The Warkworth is leaving the Tyne this week.

storerooms, desks, chests of drawers, boxes, and cabinets crammed full of his papers.

All kinds of documents are among them—records which are of the utmost value to the industrial history of the 20th century, as well as personal letters.

A man in his position, of course, received hundreds of thousands of letters, but a surprising discovery was more than 10,000 unopened letters, and even unopened Christmas presents. Lying loose among the papers were nearly 40,000 dollars in notes or in cheques that had been made out to him but not paid into the bank.

The romantic story of Henry Ford's rise from the farm of his emigrant Irish father to financial and industrial power is all here. A glimpse of his childhood days is revealed in some pages he wrote himself:

“The first thing I remember in my life is my father taking my brother John and myself to see a bird's nest under a large oak log 20 rods east of our home and my birthplace. John was so young that he could not walk. Father

carried him. I being two years older could run along with them...”

This mass of papers will throw more light on the story of his adventurous beginnings as a car manufacturer. At first he had little thought of mass producing motors, but was intent only on developing a racing car.

His first two companies failed, and his third, started in 1903, had only 223 dollars in the bank when it sold the first Ford car to a Dr. E. Pfenning. Success followed, and the Ford company grew to be one of the biggest car manufacturing organisations in the world.

BISHOP AFOOT

Every year the Bishop of Whitby endeavours to walk around one of the nine deaneries in his diocese. This year, accompanied by three young ordinands, he made his pastoral tour in 15 days, averaging nine miles a day.

The Bishop and his companions visited every farm and hamlet in the deanery, each night holding a service, often out-of-doors on village greens.

MIGHTY AVALANCHE IN LITTLE LOCH

During the past few weeks 120 Oxford, Cambridge, and London University students have been setting up five meteorological stations in the Cairngorm mountains in Scotland, an area where Alpine flora and fauna abound and there is snow in places all the year round.

Until late September the students will live in tents between Loch Avon and Loch Einich. They will make the first systematic recordings of weather conditions in the area, special attention being paid to the sudden winds that sweep across the High Plateau.

Little is known of these winds except that they often upset weather reports sent from nearby stations.

During their stay the “met” men may be lucky enough to witness one of nature's most spectacular scenes.

Every year huge banks of snow gather at the edge of the High Plateau until, pushed by the weight behind, they thunder down the slopes into the Little Loch, thousands of feet below.

TOUR OF BRAZIL AS PRIZE

A Cambridge schoolgirl, 18-year-old Anne Guthrie, is the first to receive a travel award given by the Brazilian Government for the best schoolboy or girl of the year.

She leaves by air in August for a month's tour of Brazil with 21 other young prizewinners from American countries.

Previously this award has been made only to North and South American scholars.

Anne was selected from the candidates who achieved the best results in examinations held last summer. She goes to the Perse School for Girls at Cambridge, and has also won a scholarship to Somerville College at Oxford, where she will read Classics.

THE LOST WORLD—Picture-story of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous thriller (6)

The two professors were prisoners of the ape-men, and Lord John and Malone had set out to try to rescue them. Lord John explained how he himself had escaped.

Challenger, he said, bore a ridiculous resemblance to the ape-men's chief and it seemed they thought he must be some relation! So they had not bound him, and he had

managed to release Lord John. The ape-men had other human prisoners—some little Indians who must be natives of this strange plateau, a tribe cut off from the world.



Malone and Lord John cautiously made their way to the ape-men's “village.” They were only just in time, for the brutes were throwing their prisoners over the towering cliff of the plateau. In horror they saw the half-human beasts drag Summerlee forward. Challenger made imploring gestures at the ape-men's chief, but the hairy, shambling creature pushed him roughly aside and shook his tawny head.



Lord John's rifle cracked and the chief fell. Malone and Lord John continued firing and the ape-men ran about, bewildered. Then, seized with panic, they scattered into the forest. Challenger and Summerlee ran towards their friends, and the party hurried back to the camp, followed by the four surviving Indians. But they could hear the ape-men, who had evidently regained their senses, pursuing them.



At the camp the leader of the little Indians clasped Lord John's legs in gratitude, then indicated with a sweep of his arm that the jungle was still full of ape-men. Fearing they might be rushed if they stayed here, the explorers went to the thicket Lord John had found. They decided to go with the Indians next day to their homes, which Malone believed were in caves beyond the lake 20 miles away.



All was quiet in the jungle, but they kept alert. They knew the ape-men could watch them unseen and await a chance of attack. Next morning an Indian went to fetch water from a brook, and as he did not return at once, Malone went after him. He found the man dead, with a broken neck. As he gazed at the Indian, hairy hands came down from the tree, seized his head, and lifted him off the ground.

Is this the end of the gallant journalist? See next week's instalment

The Children's Newspaper, July 18, 1935

Continuing

TUESDAY ADVENTURE

Fred and I go to Norway with Uncle George, who is working on a secret scientific project. We go into some old mine workings that are being used secretly by an international gang called LEL, and we travel in strange monorail cars. On our side are a scientist named Malcolm Murdoch and a Norwegian boy, Hans, and his sister, Greta. I find that Uncle George and his friend Bengt Olsen are prisoners of the gang. Hans and Greta are chased by the gang in a monorail car—and Uncle George and I prepare to wreck it with a loose piece of track.

18. Another prisoner

THAT heavy piece of rusty track was just long enough to reach the other side, and I wedged it hard against the boarding. The approaching monorail turned into the tunnel mouth almost before I was clear.

"Dive down. We'll catch you," yelled Uncle George, as Bengt flickered his little light to show me where the open trap was.

I flung myself through the opening as the headlights of the oncoming car flashed round the corner of the tunnel mouth. Bengt caught me, and Uncle George slammed back the trapdoor.

"Now we'll hear something," crowed Uncle George. "But don't wait about. Let's get going with that trackrail you've brought."

Then came the crash of the front wheel of the monorail car hitting the obstruction. There followed a series of thuds and scraping sounds as the derailed car went plunging on down the tunnel, bumping from side to side, out of control. Then the engines cut and all was quiet.

Free

"That's the start, anyway," said Uncle George, taking turns with Bengt Olsen in wielding the track-rail. "I don't suppose it's broken any bones, but it will at least have blocked this end of the tunnel."

"There's the staple gone, anyway," said Bengt Olsen. "Now let's see what we can do with these chains..."

My torch, which I had recovered from the tunnel, was a great help. We could see now that the shackles were rusty and weak with age. Bengt Olsen placed one of the points of the crumbling staple into a link of chain and used the length of the track first as a hammer, then as wrench. Uncle George was free—though he had two or three uncomfortable links still attached to his ankle. Then Bengt freed himself.

"Sorry I can't do anything about those links," he said. "You need a blacksmith—or that key that Maxim took away."

"So you know all about Maxim?" I said.

"Don't tell me that you do!" cried Uncle George. "That's preposterous. I bring you and Fred here for a quiet holiday trip to the fjords, and you manage to get yourselves mixed up with an international gang of bandits..." But

by John Pudney

wait a minute. Listen!" From beyond the trapdoor came the sound of loud, angry voices. "Can you get what they're saying, Bengt?"

"Not a word. It's not Norwegian."

It was the Baltic language we had heard before. Without understanding a word, it was easy enough to tell that they were in a great state about the accident. They dragged away the remains of the heavy rail, and they thudded it against the trapdoor. "That's a bit awkward," muttered Uncle George. "We want to use that trap just as soon as they're out of the way."

"But suppose we wait till Maxim comes back here, pretend that we're still tied up, and then jump on him and take him for a hostage?" suggested Bengt.

"From what I know of his long and violent record, he's going to be a very tricky one to handle," said Uncle George. "But for the time being, we've got to wait anyway."

So we waited in that narrow dungeon with the heavy bolted door at one end and the trap high up at the other; and waiting gave me a chance to explain how little time there really was.

When I told them Malcolm Murdoch's story about the ray, and that LEL might destroy the workings very soon, Uncle George began to march up and down, peppering me with questions all the time.

Finally, he turned on Bengt Olsen and said: "Didn't it ever cross your mind that the Balts on board the Zuaxine were acting suspiciously?"

"Put yourself in my place, George," replied Bengt. "You don't expect people to deliberately scuttle a valuable ship—even if there does happen to be a possibility of quassium in the mountains across the fjord. There was nothing about them to arouse any suspicion."

"Fair enough," growled Uncle George. "If only we could have

got out a signal about this to Dimity, she'd soon settle them."

"And who," I said, just to make sure, "is Dimity?"

"H.M.S. Dimity—and you couldn't pick a smarter frigate in the whole of her Majesty's fleet. She's in these waters on a Spring cruise, but there are some of my chaps on board, and Bengt's people have got a couple of liaison officers..."

As we could still hear voices and the sound of people tramping up and down outside the trapdoor, and could not yet attempt our break-out, I thought it was my turn to ask a few questions. I began very cautiously by saying: "I know we're not supposed to ask about your secret work, Uncle George, but..."

"You can count yourself on the inside of this job," snapped Uncle George. "In fact, if it hadn't been for you, we'd be in a worse hash than we are already..."

Explanation

Bengt Olsen and Uncle George had worked together on a number of projects during the war. The gist of their present story was that Bengt had been quietly following up various clues to the activities of the Nazis and LEL during the period when the Sardanger had been a prohibited area. He suspected the presence of quassium, and had reason to suspect also that there were parties still interested in the workings.

As a result of his long association with Uncle George, he had not put forward his suspicions in official circles. He knew that anything affecting quassium was likely in any case to be handled by Uncle George, for Fort X, which is Uncle George's base, is an international centre for matters of this kind.

So he paid a private visit to England, dined with Uncle George at his club, and between them they worked out the semi-official fishing party to which we had been invited, as Uncle George put it, "more as a blind than anything else."

From the start, Malcolm Murdoch had seemed so obvious that they had refused to suspect him. Then they had received a vague warning from the authorities that a scientific worker had left Labrador, passed through Scotland, and was believed to have arrived in Norway.

They came across Murdoch in the underground lake at Lillifors, but not being able to take their boat right in, they had hailed him from a distance. Mistaking them for LEL people, he had acted thoroughly suspiciously in hastily abandoning the dinghy and running for cover.

They had sunk Murdoch's dinghy, but by that time they had collected evidence of extensive operations in the workings, and were in too much of a stew to seek to capture Murdoch himself.

They had run into trouble close to the Okka inlet, while they had been investigating a creek that in

YOUNG QUIZ



- 1 Was Amundsen the first man to reach the North Pole or the South Pole?
- 2 Was the Eiffel Tower built in the 18th, 19th, or 20th century?
- 3 What is a shillelagh?
- 4 Renovate means to send back, to give a new name, or to make new again?
- 5 Who is Mao Tse-Tung?
- 6 How many players has a lacrosse team?
- 7 What is a ketch?
- 8 How many counties are there in England?

Answers on page 12

Continued on page 10

"TAKE A BOW MR DISNEY...
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DONALD ZEC,
'Daily Mirror'

"THUMBS UP!
Join the queue'"

RAY NUNN,
'Daily Sketch'

'Better than Anything Disney
has done before'

JYMPSON HARMAN, 'Evening News'



Walt Disney's

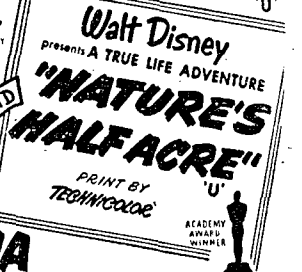
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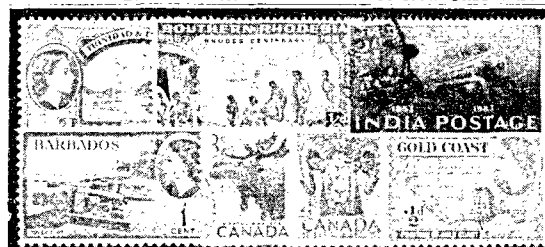
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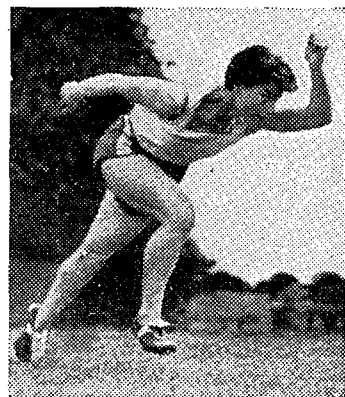
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SPORTS SHORTS

A. SANDERSON, an Inverness schoolboy, added to his reputation as the Highlands' most promising athlete when he won the 100 and 440 yards titles in the North of Scotland A.A.A. meeting.

FIFTEEN countries will be represented in this month's world slalom championships at Merano, in Italy. Leading Britain's team of four is 18-year-old Paul Farrant of Ickenham, Middlesex, our champion slalom canoeist. Sixteen-year-old Keith White of Manchester will also be competing.



Pauline Buck, 15-year-old Southern Counties and Middlesex Junior sprint champion, gets off the mark at the Old Deer Park, Richmond, Surrey.

"NOISE stopped play" was the unusual entry in the score-book of Glamorgan C.C. when the noise of escaping steam from a nearby power station twice held up the game in a recent county match.

ONE of the youngest assistant secretaries in Soccer must be 15-year-old Wendy Tiller, who has been appointed to help with the affairs of Twickenham F.C. She is following in her father's footsteps, for he is the secretary.

GORDON PIRIE, the Surrey runner, has made so many distance records that there are few left for him to tackle. He has now set up a time of 13 minutes 41.8 seconds for the three miles, the fastest time ever recorded in Britain.

THIS is a great year for cycling records, and one of the best performances so far this summer was Bob Maitland's ride from Pembroke to London. He covered the 244½ miles in 11 hours 25 minutes, beating the previous record by 16 minutes.

FOR 12 years the world record high jump has stood at 6 feet 11 inches, but at last month's American championships at Dayton, Ohio, the record went up by half an inch. Walt Davis, of Houston, Texas, is the new record holder.

GEORGINA DAVIES, 15, of Brighthouse Grammar School, Yorkshire, was second in the annual nine-mile Morecambe cross-bay swim. It was her first attempt at swimming the bay. The winner was Walter Bradley, of Liverpool, also champion last year.

ANOTHER young swimmer who has been successful at Morecambe is 17-year-old Betty Scott of Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, who has won the women's section of the first of the 1953 Morecambe Bay inshore swims. Betty was champion last year.

CAN a cricket team win a match after scoring one off the first ball of their first innings? Yes—if they had got their opponents out for nought. This happened when Lode C.C. second team dismissed all the batsmen of Burwell C.C. second XI for 10 consecutive "ducks."

AFTER winning the Wimbledon ladies' singles title with the loss of only 19 games, the lowest for 21 years, 18-year-old Maureen Connolly, with her partner Julie Sampson, was defeated in the women's doubles final by 6-0, 6-0, the first time this score has ever been recorded in a Wimbledon final.

PLAYING in a County match, Neil Harvey, Australia's left-hand batsman, was left with half a bat in his hand after playing a ball from a fast bowler.

TUESDAY ADVENTURE

Continued from page 9

former times had been used as one of the entries to the Okka workings. Bengt's speedboat disappeared, and when they had gone to search for it, they had been set upon by a gang led by Maxim.

As soon as Uncle George had recognised Maxim, he had known that they had walked into a LEL operation. "And by the way things are going," he said, "it doesn't look as if we're going to talk ourselves out of it, unless Fred and Murdoch manage to get away in the blue boat."

"Even if they get away," said Bengt Olsen, "they won't know anything about Dimity, and to send a signal to her would be about our only hope."

The sudden clanging of the dungeon door startled us into silence. Uncle George grunted: "Now for it, Bengt! Action stations!" as the door rustily creaked inward. "Get away up the other end where he can't see

you," Uncle George hissed at me.

The door was being opened from outside. A wedge of twilight showed and grew larger as the creaking and grating went on. Then it was blocked out by a figure. It only just fitted into the doorway, and was, in fact, squeezed through. I felt Uncle George creeping forward and held my breath. Several voices spoke through the door in a strange language. Then the figure slumped forward, and the door was violently slammed.

"It's another prisoner," growled Uncle George hoarsely. "Or if it isn't... Show a light, man!" I fumbled for my torch.

Then came a thin weak voice out of the darkness. It was Fred's voice!

I switched on at last. It was Fred all right, bound hand and foot, staring wildly into the beam of the torch as though his last hour had come.

To be continued

VISITING CANADIAN FORESTS

Forty schoolboys from Bradford, Birmingham, Glasgow, and London will be visiting Canada at the end of this month.

Their visit is made possible under the educational trusts created in 1938 by Mr. W. H. Rhodes, a Bradford philanthropist. Most of the boys are captains of their respective schools.

On July 30, after a civic reception in London, the boys will sail in the Seythia on the 3000-mile journey across the Atlantic and up the St. Lawrence River to Quebec. There they will see the Plains of Abraham.

From Quebec the boys will go on to Montreal and Toronto, and then to the mighty Niagara Falls.

From there the boys will travel northwards across Ontario, with a steamer trip across Lake Timagami, the lake of 1500 islands. When Camp Wanapitei is reached the boys will be in the heart of one of the greatest Canadian forest reserves, with first-hand glimpses of trappers and Red Indians in their wigwams.

On their return a break will be made at Ottawa to see the Canadian Parliament Buildings, and the boys are expected back in this country on August 26, after as thrilling a tour as any boy could wish for.

MONUMENT TO PINOCCHIO

Boys and girls all over the world have been sending contributions to Colloidi in Italy for a monument to Pinocchio.

The story of Pinocchio, the wooden puppet that after many extraordinary adventures became a real boy, is an old Italian folk tale. It was written by Carlo Lorenzini, the Florentine writer, at Colloidi in Tuscany, where he went for his holidays.

The post office there has been swamped by children's contributions, and, as a humorous acknowledgement, the organisers of the plan for a monument have been sending to the young contributors "fib cards," supposed to be signed by Pinocchio, authorising them to tell one punishment-free fib!

CAMERAS FOR SIX C N READERS

Congratulations to the six winners of C N competition No. 29 who were each awarded a camera complete with films. They are Mary Bowden, Leicester; Stanley Frost, London, N.W.11; Stella Matson, Preston; Anne McCarthey, Taunton; Michael Parker, Leicester; Martin Trevor, Selsdon.

These runners-up receive a book-token each as a consolation prize: Christine Brock, Parkstone; Brenda Hadlow, Cheam; Linda Haslegrave, Sheffield, 10; Roland Littlewood, Leicester; Alan Price, Rugby; Marilyn Smith, Selkirk; Margaret Springall, Southsea; Suzanne Stonebanks, Greenford; Gillian Taylor, Bristol, 7; Betty Wheeldon, Buxton.

Solution: 1 Celia, Alice. 2 Sun. 3 New York. 4 Twenty. 5 Level Crossing. 6 Look before you leap.

Books for holiday reading

COMPLETE ANGLER

Come Fly-fishing With Me, by Colin Willock (Frederick Muller, 9s. 6d.)

IN his latest book, the author recognises the comparative scarcity of trout waters near large towns—in which, of course, most anglers live. Accordingly, he devotes much of his instruction to fly-fishing for the more plentiful coarse fish, such as chub, dace, rudd, roach, and even perch.

This is a companion to an earlier work, *Come Fishing With Me*, in which he described how he taught his young nephew to angle for coarse fish with bait. Now he tells how, in one year, he taught the same pupil to cast a fly, so making him a complete angler.

AHOY, THERE!

How to Sail, by John Fisher (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.)

MANY of us feel a twinge of envy when someone says: "We're going sailing these holidays." It sounds like a pleasure only rich people can afford. But John Fisher points out that running a small boat costs a good deal less than running a car.

Knowledge of the rudiments of sailing, however, is as necessary to the would-be amateur sailor as knowledge of driving is to a motorist, and in this book Mr. Fisher, Yachting Correspondent of the Sunday Times, gives the beginner the "gen" he needs to make a start in this thrilling sport.

THE PRICES AGAIN

Holiday Exchange, by Virginia Pye (Faber and Faber, 9s. 6d.)

THERE is never a dull moment with the Price family. In this latest book they make a holiday exchange of houses with a Swiss family, and their journey across France to Switzerland is in itself most amusing. There are also entertaining glimpses of the Kessel family in London, and readers who have made friends with the Prices in Virginia Pye's other books will want to share all these holiday exploits.

MYSTERY IN THE DEPTHS

The Secret of the Undersea Bell, by John Scott Douglas (Frederick Muller, 8s. 6d.)

TO become a diver, to wander in that hidden world of beauty and danger where soft shadows play on the sandy bottom and little fish dart away at your approach, to venture down underwater canyons where the light is subdued as in a cathedral—most of us have longed for the experience. It is here with all the accompanying thrills and danger in this story of a Californian lad who took up diving to support his orphaned brother and sister. A fine yarn by an author who knows the sea floor.

GALES AND FLOODS

Storm Ahead, by Monica Edwards (Collins, 8s. 6d.)

WHEN young people are mixed up in a natural disaster, like that which struck the East Coast early this year, they have just the kind of rescue adventures that Monica Edwards describes in this realistic yarn about a gale spreading devastation across Romney Marsh.

THE JILLIES

The Ambermere Treasure, by Malcolm Saville (Lutterworth Press, 8s. 6d.)

THE "Jillies"—Amanda, Prudence, and Timothy Jillion—are a family to whom many readers have already been introduced. In this yarn Malcolm Saville tells what happened when they got on the trail of hidden treasure in an old house. Thrill follows thrill when the Jillies find that a mysterious intruder is also after the treasure.

300 YEARS AGO

Little Girl with a Bell, by Cécile F. Boxer (Frederick Muller, 7s. 6d.)

SUPPOSE you had been born in 1650 in Paris whither your mother had fled while your father was fighting for King Charles I, that you returned to England with Charles II, and sat down to write your life story when you were 15, in the year of the Great Plague? Your tale would be as stirring as that of the girl in this story, which delightfully combines excitement with historical accuracy.

IN THE WEST INDIES

The Settlers of Carriacou, by Ronald Syme (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a gripping yarn of young people caught up in stirring events 170 years ago on the British West Indian island of Dominica.

Dominica was captured by the French after a fierce fight, and then the islanders had to contend with a vindictive governor as well as with Balla, murderous leader of outlaws. The tale maintains an exciting pace from beginning to end.

STRANGE JOURNEYS

Merlin's Magic, by Helen Clare (The Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.)

IT began as an ordinary treasure hunt, but the six young seekers were led into such fabulous travels as never were. North, south, east, and west they went—back into time, out into space, and even into the misty realms of legend—until at last they found the true treasure.

Here is magic indeed, and even the most matter-of-fact reader will be caught by the spell of such fantasy.

IN THE FAR NORTH

Eskimo Boy, by Pipaluk Freuchen (Harrap, 4s. 6d.)

THIS story (translated from the Danish) is by the daughter of an Arctic explorer, and gives a vivid account of the hard life of Eskimo children in Greenland. It tells of the grim struggle of young Ivik when it fell to him to be the provider for his fatherless family.

GOLDEN EAGLES

Danger in the Hills, by Peter Lethbridge (Brockhampton, 6s. 6d.)

IT was an exciting moment for such keen bird-watchers as Dinah and Roger when they spotted a pair of golden eagles; but they little realised what further excitement was to follow.

This popular author's love of Lakeland shines through the pages of his latest book.

FOR VALOUR

The Boys' Book of V.C. Heroes, by Newton Branch (Publicity Products, 5s.)

FINISH your prep or whatever else you have to do before opening this book. For there can hardly be a boy in Britain capable of closing it until he has read every word—and studied all the photographs and drawings of the V.C.s, their strange weapons, and their battles.

Several volumes of this size would be needed to describe and illustrate in this way the exploits of all the 1344 winners of the Supreme Award, but those selected here are an impressive company, representing human courage at its highest.

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

SEVEN MODERN PLAYS FOR BOYS, by A. E. M. Bayliss (Harrap, 6s.)

TRAIN YOUR DOG, by Cecil Wimhurst (Muller, 5s.)

THE BINKLEBYS ON THE FARM, by Ursula Moray Williams (Harrap, 6s.)

RAFFIA WORK, by Rosemary Brinley (Muller, 6s.)

PAINTING FOR PLEASURE—a Teach Yourself Book, by R. O. Dunlop (English Universities Press, 6s.)

METALCRAFT, by F. John (Muller, 6s.)

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF BRITISH SAINTS, by Hugh Ross Williamson (Harrap, 3s.)

A PUFFIN BOOK OF VERSE, an anthology compiled by Eleanor Graham (Penguin Books, 2s. 6d.)

GEOLOGIST IN THE HIMALAYAS

While the Everest expedition was conquering the world's highest mountain, a lone Swiss scientist on a United Nations assignment was surveying the Himalayan range to which Everest belongs.

He is Mr. Toni Hagen, and his task is to prepare the geological maps which are a prelude to the development of Nepal's mineral and other natural resources.

His method is to keep crossing the country from north to south in parallel treks about ten miles apart. In this way he has already travelled some 2000 miles on foot, collecting specimens and geological samples.

Mr. Hagen expects that he will not complete his task until the Spring of 1957.

AUSTRALIAN HISTORY IN PHOTOGRAPHS

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The collection was made by a German, Bernard Holtermann, who went to Australia in 1858 and found gold worth thousands of pounds. After he had made his fortune he devoted himself to his hobby, taking thousands of photographs of people in the gold rush of those days.

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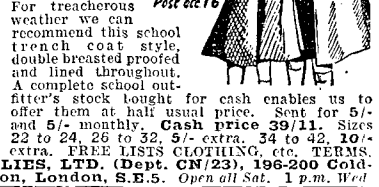
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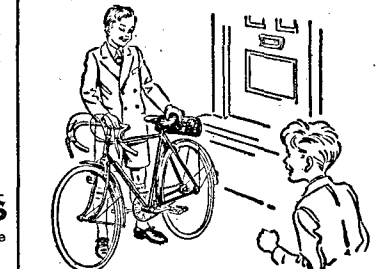
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THE BRAN TUB

HOW'S THAT?

GROANED a crestfallen batsman from Ware, "Although I took very great care To keep my bat straight, I regret to relate That my middle stump's no longer there."

FAMILIAR TREES

THE field maple, also known as hedge maple and common maple, grows in favourable conditions to a height of 30 feet. Its trunk and branches are dark and the bark is very rough and corky, even on young trees. In May the green



flowers are hardly noticed, but the paired keys which follow ("Dicky Birds") change from green to rosy pink. The dark green leaves have five lobes, the edges being slightly toothed. During autumn they turn bright yellow, making a conspicuous and beautiful sight.

Maple wood is greatly prized in the cabinet-making industry, being a lovely golden-brown colour and taking a high polish.

BEDTIME CORNER

Billy makes an appeal

BILLY was playing in a school friend's garden when it was suggested that they might like to watch the cricket on television.

"Rather," said Billy, and, not waiting for his friend John's reply, scampered into the house.

John's father and elder brother were sitting in front of the screen. They made room for Billy and John, and the four settled down to watch. They had not been watching long when the wicket-keeper suddenly whipped off the bails after the batsman had missed the ball.

Billy could not contain himself. "Howzatt?" he yelled at the top of his voice.

Suddenly he was aware of three faces grinning at him.

And to make matters worse, John's mother came rushing in. "What was that scream? Is anyone hurt?" she asked anxiously.



Jacko and Chimp decided to take a lofty view when they saw the kangaroo.

Counter action

LITTLE JOAN, who was only three years old, was skipping and, at the same time, counting: "Seventy - ten, thirty - three, eleventy-one, ninety-nine, forty-eight." Suddenly her friend ran up to her and said: "Look, Joan..."

"Oh," cried Joan, stopping. "You've made me lose count!"

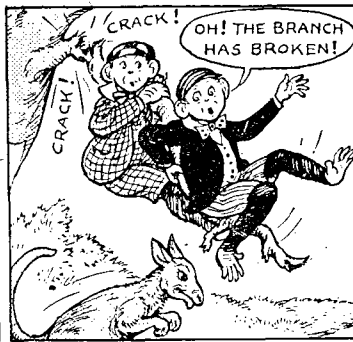
Repeat

PUT two letters in front and the same two letters in the same order behind each of these grouped letters to make a common word in each case.

-- CA -- -- UR --
-- RISCO -- -- VE --
-- MA -- -- RI --

Answer next week

KANGAROO CAPER FOR JACKO AND CHIMP



But their combined weight was a little too much for the branch.

Solo effort

"**D**ID your father help with your homework again last night?" teacher asked.

"No, Ma'am. I got them wrong all by myself."

Double meaning

The two missing words are similarly pronounced, but have different meanings. Can you find what they are?

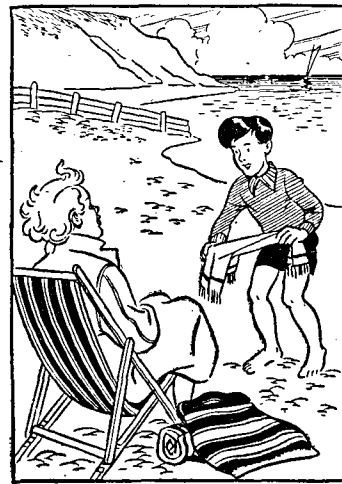
"**I**T's like a sort of buffalo."

"Why, yes," said Tom, "that's true."

By pictures in their school books, They — it was a —.

Knew, gun

RODDY



"But, Mummy, it wouldn't be too cold if I wrap up well."

CHAIN QUIZ

Solutions to the following clues are linked, the last two letters of the first answer being the first two letters of the second, and so on.

1. Game-bird; caught in nets on the Mediterranean coasts during Spring migration; it formed part of the food of the Israelites in the wilderness.

2. One of Homer's two great epics, telling the story of the Trojan War.

3. London district famous for its Adam architecture (now partly demolished) and its eminent occupants; its name, meaning "brothers," refers to the Adams.

4. The simple language that forms the medium of communication of the mass of people in India.

Answer next week

The Children's Newspaper, July 18, 1953

TOO MUCH FOR DAD

"**L**OOK at the scenic railway, Dad, Let's have a ride," said Dick. Said Dad, "Too steep for a little lad,

"Would only make you sick."

"I'll love it," said Dick, "I know I will!"

Said Dad: "We'll take a chance— But don't blame me if you feel ill." Mum watched with an anxious glance.

Dick whooped and shouted with delight.

"Now here's another bend."

Dad shut his eyes and held on tight,

"Oh, will it never end?"

"Let's go round once again," said Dick.

But father's face was grey.

"No thanks," he said, "I'm feeling sick.

Excuse me rushing away."

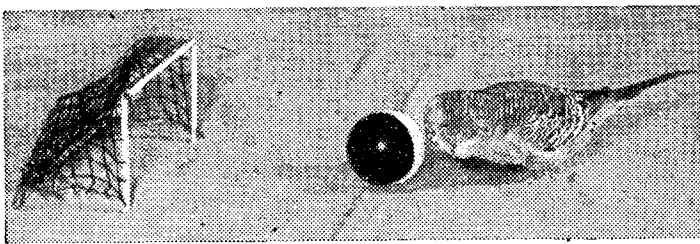
YOUNG QUIZ—answers

- 1 The South Pole.
- 2 The 19th century.
- 3 Irish cudgel.
- 4 Make new again.
- 5 Chairman of the Chinese People's Republic.
- 6 Twelve.
- 7 Two-masted vessel with mizzen-mast forward of the rudder.
- 8 Forty, not including Monmouthshire.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Chain Quiz
Hiawatha, Haiti,
Tigris, Islington
Men of Lancashire
Edrich, Berry,
Washbrook, Stat-
ham
What am I?
Damson
Riddle in rhyme
Skylark

M	E	L	T	E	S	T
A	R	E	A	S	A	P
S	E	A	T	O	T	A
K	S	E	R	B	R	L
R	E	C	E	I	V	E
O	U	H	A	T	E	O
G	L	O	O	M	N	O
R	E	D	S	P	I	R
E	D	E	N	S	J	E



Billy the budgerigar plays the game

Billy the budgerigar, two-year-old pet of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Nicholls of Mickley, Northumberland, not only talks but plays football as well! He nods the ball up and down the table until it is in the back of the net.



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the word for Toffee

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